satirical, drew large and appreciative audiences, and the membership of the League of Nations Union went on increasing.

The question of design in industry was investigated, birth-control clinics were opened, and psycho-analysts multiplied. A compassionate Minister for Justice in the Spanish Republican Government, Victoria Kent, decided that prisoners serving long sentences should be allowed to spend allotted days each month with their wives, or, if bachelors or widowers, permitted to absent themselves from prison occasionally on parole; and Mr. Duff Cooper got into trouble with the *Daily Mail* by delivering in Berlin a lecture entitled, 'An Apology for the British Empire'. What were we coming to, Lord Rothermere asked his readers, when our young men apologised in foreign countries for having an Empire, and refused to be mollified when the precedent of Sir Philip Sidney's *Apologiefor Poesie* was pleaded. For the first time a state subsidy for opera was granted, and a performance of Wilde's *Salome* allowed, though not much appreciated.

One after the other, the best known figures in the War were dying, each given his long obituary and memorial service, perhaps also made the subject of a memoir, and then forgotten; year by year the two-minutes' silence on Armistice Day was becoming more formal, and the unveiling of new War memorials rarer. Fewer and fewer, as buses passed the Cenotaph, raised their hats; gradually, the Great War[6] became the War, then, more ominously, the last war. The 1917 Club, a dingy establishment in Gerrard Street founded to commemorate the Russian Revolu-

tion, and much frequented at one time by MacDonald, went into liquidation. It also belonged to the War and its aftermath, and as the War was swallowed up in the past, so was it swallowed up and could no more exist, its members growing old, their hopes becoming unsubstantial, and love, free or confined, beyond their capacity.

A controversy on the compatibility of Christianity and Socialism led to Lord Rosebery's momentary emergence from

[8] Even the Boer War was known in its day as 'Great*. Conan Doyle called his book on it *The Great Boer War.*